To beare a part in this: patience a while good *Cassio:*
Lend me a light; know we this face, or no?
Alas my friend, and my deare countrey man?
Roderigo? no, yes sure: O heauen *Roderigo.*
Gra. What of *Venice*?
Iag. Euen he sir, did you know him?
Gra. Know him? I.
Iag. Seignior *Gratiano,* I cry you gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iag. How doe you *Cassio*? O a chaire, a chaire.
Gra. Roderigo.
Iag. He, tis he: O that's well said, a chaire:
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
I'le fetch the Generalls Surgeon: for you mistrisse,
Saue you your labour, he that lies slaine here *Cassio,*
Was my deare friend, what malice was betwixt you?
Cas. None in the world, nor doe I know the man.
Iag. What, looke you pale? O beare him out o'th aire.
Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale mistrisse?
Doe you perceiue the ieastures of her eye,
Nay, an you stirre, we shall haue more anon:
Behold her well I pray you, looke vpon her,
Doe you see Gentlemen? Nay guiltinesse
Will speake, though tongues were out of vse. *Enter* Em.
Em. 'Las what's the matter? what's the matter husband?
Iag. Cassio has here bin set on in the darke,
By *Roderigo,* and fellowes that are scap't,
Hee's almost slaine, and *Roderigo* dead.
Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good *Cassio.*
Iag. This is the fruite of whoring, pray *Emillia,*
Goe know of *Cassio,* where he supt to night:
What, doe you shake at that?
Bian. He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.
Iag. O did he so, I charge you goe with me.
Em. Fie, fie vpon thee strumpet.

Bian.

Bian. I am no strumpet
As you, that thus abuse me
Em. As I: fough, fie vp
Iag. Kind Gentlemen,
Come mistresse, you must t
Emillia, runne you to the C
And tell my Lord and Lad
Will you goe on, I pray, th
That either markes me, or

Enter Othe

Oth. It is the cause, it is
Let me not name it to you,
It is the cause, yet I'le not
Nor scarre that whiter skin
And smooth, as monumen
Yet she must die, else shee'
Put out the light, and then
If I quench thee, thou flam
I can againe, thy former lig
Should I repent me; but on
Thou cunning patterne of
I know not where is that
That can thy light returne
I cannot giue it vitall grow
It must needes wither; I'le
A balmy breath, that doth
Iustice her selfe to breake
Be thus, when thou art dea
And loue thee after: once
So sweete was ne're so fata
But they are cruell teares;
It strikes where it does loue
Des. Who's there, *Oth*
Oth. I, *Desdemona.*
Des. Will you come to
Oth. Haue you prayed

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